

Beneath the star strewn Heaven The shepherds vigil kept; While hushed to rest about them The world in silence slept. Then burst the anthem Holy, While Heaven's gates flung wide, Flooded the earth with glory On that first Christmastide

With holy excitation The angels sang the birth Of Christ, the King of Glory, Who came a babe to earth. Peace, peace, on earth forever, And sweet good will to men! While all adown the ages Still rings the joyous strain.

Oh, Holy Babe, King Jesus! The long years come and go Like sunlight's checkered shadows, With real mingled woe, Into our hearts, we pray Thee, Come Thou, and there abide. In royal measure grant us Thy peace this Christmastide.

-Mrs. George Paull. IN THE PHILIPPINES.



before the long row of tents and frame quar-Manila paces the to inspect it. a lazy, languid way-

interest or response.

He is thinking of home, is Pierce Grinnell, this sturdy, hardy soldier boy who ing Christmas.

It is the harder to bear the memory of the olden Yuletide, because there is absent in camp as in the nearby Philippine capital all that preparation, anticipation ensemble that in the poorest village of his native land blossoms forth at holiday time-once a year only, maybe, but once a year — magically, mightily — Merry Christmas!

than wearied, and lingers for a moment ground. where an animated group are piling up boxes, logs, refuse.

"A year ago," a grizzled plainsman is saying, "there was ten feet of snow at Fort Custer, and-

"You didn't belong to the army of occupation then!" breaks in a suggestive voice. "Occupation? I call this gentlemanty leisure!" was retorted tartly. "Only-say, a chill-just to remind me of home, and snow, and real Christmas weather! Pile those boxes straight, boys; now then,

"What are you about here, anyway?" inquired young Grinnell a little curiously. "What are we about? Why!" stares

criss-cross the logs."



the Westeraer, as if affronted, "Christmas preparations, of course!"

The young soldier smiles, half sadly. "I don't see any Christmas trees, or bolly, or wax candles, or-"

"Nor won't!" comes the terse interruption. "Still, we're going to make the best play at it we know how when the date ! arrives."

"And that is--"To build a rearing campfire first." "Isn't the climate nasurally warm enough for you?"

"Never you mind! We're going to build a regular scorcher-wrap blankets around us, huddle up as if we were frozen to death, imagine we're out on those gl-lori-Christmas, if he don't see much of itand tell stories about last year, and the year before, and the years when the zegu-

lars had some kind of a heliday, even if

it was a ragged one." The officer of the day smiles indulgently on the purbulent infraction of camp rules, and the colonel and staff appear to hand In their contribution-a box, not a box of 4 lgars.

There are pintapples, cocoanuts, banapas and oranges, but more than one wry

face shows that a julcy red pippin, a A FARM CHRISTMAS. pan of hickorynuts, would have been more acceptable Vaan "all these smothering fallals!" as the Westerner dubs the ample tropical fare.

"If our Christmas ship had only come in!" he remarked, and with a fixed stare at a comerade who had just come from town -a stare with a wink in it-he observes: "Steamer probably delayed, you told me, Perkins?"

"That's what," is nodded. All hands look savage at this. Christmas cheer was on its way to them-of that they had been advised by way of Hong Kong a week since-but the steamer was everdue, probably delayed by a storm, and their holiday cheer from home might not arrive till New Year's day. Still, as Grinnell watches the West-

erner and observes him more than once gaze covertly in the direction of the cordurey camp road, he wenders if he is not nursing some spirited surprise that he

will spring later on. The stories begin, and soon all are engressed. One man tells of a Christmas at a far Western Indian-beleaguered fort, where the event of the day was the stealing of the only wild turkey in knowledge from a sportsman savage. Another had ed, and here there is an uproar.

missary wagon.

Jawge Columbus Christopher Washing-

"You know it is, you rascal!" roared the Westerner, springing to his feet, aglow. "Out with it! the steamer is in?"

"She am, sah. I waited, sah, as yo'm dareckted. Dah's a pahcel foh de camp -dat Chris'mas consignment hab arriven!"

"Whoop!" Pandemonium breaks loose. Over the camp spreads the news. Half-dressed men, riotous runners, make for the campfire, as up to it, straining mightily under the heavy load of crates and boxes and barrels, puff and pant the mules with their Christmas store of remembrances.

Even the camp dogs rally to the call of the tumult. Then, surrounded by a pressing, eager crowd, the Westerner mounts the load, hatchet in hand.

He pries open those "pahcels," he be-HRISTMAS, 1898, is gins to deliver them. Hearts gladden, lips near. The American quiver, eyes sparkle-even in the farsentry on patrol duty away Philippines Christmas had come! "Pierce Grinnell"-with tremulous

hands the young soldier receives his packters just outside of age, and steps back a bit from the crush monotonous round in Ah! it is glorious to be remembered!

There is a Bible from mother, a watch even the jests of from father, a dozen handkerchiefs from groups gathered here 16-year-old sister Sue, a cookie, ribbonand there directed at tied, caraway-dotted, from 6-year-old him or audible to him fail to arouse either | Nell-"all cooked by my own self"-andanother parcel.

The soldier boy's heart thumps mightily. Well does he know who sent this last. It had gone to Aguinaldo's land to uphold is a response to a question that the lonelithe flag and help retain the glories which | ness of the camp, time to think over how Dewey had won-home and the approach- dear pretty, winsome Claire Rushton at home is to him-a homely, blunt, "Claire, when this 'Spanish war' is over, will you 'have me?"

Grinnell opens the package-a pair of dainty home-knit mitts. What in the world does he want of mitts in the broiling Filipino country! Still, the good intent is there.

Then his finger tips tingle and tremble so as he feels a tiny note in one of the He came off duty looking more bored | mitts, that he drops everything to the

Nell's cookie must have caught the sniff of a hungry camp dog. It makes a bolt, misses the cookie, and grabs up and runs off with-the mitts with the note in them. "Stop him-sto-o-op him!"

"What is it?" "Hi, the robber!"

A crowd "catches on" to the appalling mishap. There is pursuit. They corner fellows! I'd give a week's rations to have the canine, but not until he has torn up

"Why, there's a note in here!" torments the rescuer of half one mitt, and Grinnell devours a torn fragment of dainty, scented letter paper.

"I won't have---" That is what his blurred sight reads, and his heart falls. "Hey, Grinnell-here's the other half!"

The poor fellow puts the two pieces of paper together. "I won't have anybody but you!" There is the sentence, complete. De spite himself, the happy soldier boy ut-

tered a fervent, relieved yell of delight. "What's bit you-a tarantula?" demands a staring comrade. "No." shrewdly guesses the jolly West-

erner, reading between the lines—"Santa Claus!"

Satisfying Him. "I have called," said the captious critic,

representing the New Year as a nude small boy." "That is done," responded the art editor, "because the year does not get its

'to find out what reason you can give for

drawn by toy horses.

mill in strings.

close till the 31st of December." Then the captious critic went out and

broke his nice new pledge.—Indianapolis

At Bethlehem.

The children at Bethlehem are told by their mothers that on Christmas Eve a | "Ho, ho!" the youngsters suddenly The party is in full swing by 8 o'clock, during Christmas week. The office was choir of angels always sings above the shout in chorus. "Yonder comes Tom and supper is served by 10. Old Uncle considered highly honorable, and the place where Christ was born. Travelers | Hawkins, riding up the lane on 'Ole Sor- Ben furnishes the music for "snap," "Lord of Misrule" was generally some say that on this evening scores and some- | rel.' full tilt. times hundreds of children may be seen in the open air looking up to the sky, waiting to hear the angels sing.

Yule Cakes.

Yule dough, a kind of baby or little image intended to represent the child Jesus, made of paste, was formerly baked at Christmas and presented by bakers to their customers "in the same manner as the chandlers gave candles." They are still called Yule cakes in the county of Durham, England.

An Unusual Honor. "Do you expect to have a good time on

Christmas?" "You bet! My wife has invited me to ous plains where a fellow can always feel take dinner at her club."-New York Herald.

The Young Idea. Bobbie-Papa says Santa Claus leaves more things at the big houses. Freddie-Of course he does. They've got bigger chimneys .- Judge.

Pleasure and Pain. When we go to a Christmas party, And corns are the worst of our woes. We object not to "rings on our fingers," But we do to the "belles on our toes."

STORY OF THE DAY'S CELEBRA-TION IS TRULY TOLD.

Momentous Preparations for the Linner of Dinners-And Finally the Party at Farmer Hawkins' on That Memorable Christmas Eve.



killing is over, all the turkeys are dressed and sent to town. Suppressed excitement rules inside the house and out. Extra hands are busy over the last bit of comhusking. Bump. bump, bumpety bump, the wagon moves slowly over the frozen ground.

seen '94 in Alaska, where a keg of frozen | Two stalwart fellows in jean trousers, cider was the only reminder of home. A | ducking coats and woolen comforters folthird described the best Christmas dinner low the wagon, keeping up a continuous he had ever eaten, and all mouths water- fire of ears of corn into the box. With gathering thoughts of Christmas trees. The sound of cumbersome wheels echoes | play parties, dances and taffy pullings, -there is the snap of a whip, and, wav- the husking grows furious, and twice being his whip and yelling to his mules, into fore noon the wagon bed is filled. Thumb camp bursts the negro driver of the com- stalls and husking pegs are much in demand. The boys all around the kitchen "Hi, dah!" he grins, "am dis Camp fire at night nursing blistered thumbs and awkwardly sewing finger stalls of drilling, double in thickness and fastened on the hands securely with leather strings.

ored auntie. "Da's dem cookies, bu'nt to the party will be a big affair.

riding bareback.

announced. great excitement.

"Play party?"

HE week before fer church members."



WHEN SANTA CLAUS IS PRESIDENT.

ground "Ole Sorrel's" neck and sliding up," while everybody shoves his chair down her forelegs to the ground. He is back against the side of the wall to clear the center of the floor. "Twa-ang, scr-a-"Our folks is goin' to give a party!" he ape, tweedle, leedle, leedle, leed, goes the fiddle, while Uncle Ben screws his face "When?" shout Bob and the others, in into a thousand wrinkles. Sometimes, of late, the Hills boys have furnished the "Night 'fore Chris'mas; 'n I'm goin' music for the parties, much to the disgust 'round to tell ever body, right this morn- of Uncle Ben. He declares that "wen dem boys gits hole o' one o' dem new faugle gityars an' anodder one on 'em goes "Yep! Pa says he don't care fer 'em slap-e-ty bang on Miss Hawkins' pianner, dancin', but ma says 'at you have to take hit 'em jis' nuff ter mek yo' har stan' on up the earpets, er have 'em ruint. An' en'. 'Tain no mo lak music dan beatin'

then, ma says she don't know as it's right on er dish pan." As 12 o'clock approaches everybody is Christmas. Hog Tom's invitation, delivered with many alert to get everybody else's Christmas assurances that "You must be sure to gift. This ceremony being over, the party breaks up, the young folks race home, and big and little hang up their stockings in front of the fireplace.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Make Your Gift a Pure One, and Give It with Love.

"If you had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "Girls and Their Christmas-Giving," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "And you can only imitate it by making your gift a pure one, and giving it with love. You want to share, this Christmastide, your faith. your hope and your charity with these you love. You want to make your very 'goodmorning' tell of that good morning that came so many hundred years ago when the little Child first wakened on this earth, You want to think of the gifts that were brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope so full that it will brim over and the rest of the world share come; we'll all be a lookin' for you," cre- it with you. You want to tell, in your "'Clare ter goodness hits nuff ter p'voke ates no small commotion at the house. speech and in your eyes, and from your er saint, hit is dat," declares the old col- Before the day is over it is known that heart, of the gladness of the time. You

CHRISTMAS TROTH.

ly across the town, And the red, red dawn, like a shaken flower, atters the Christmas glory down. Oh, the light of the sacred THOU Of the day when the dear Lord

HE old gray bell in the old gray

tower Is ringing so glad-

Christ was Dorn! Oh, the sweet of the winter alr, When it's Christmas, Christmas everywhere,

Let's lie away to the church, my lad. To the dear, gray church where the candles shine I'd breathe a prayer while my heart's so

I'd catch a prayer from those lips of thine! Love, love, love-and it's Christmas day, And you and I in the charch to pray! Sweet the bowlng, and blest the prayer, For it's Christmas, Christmas every-

Dear Lord, what gift that hast sent us

To pledge our troth on thy natal day?

th Joy that is almost keen as pain, Oh love more sacred than lips can say! Here where the caudies burn so white, Here where the holly glistens bright, Make the heart of the love we bear Christ-like always and everywhere! James Buckham.

NEW YEAR'S IN EUROPE.

The Day Holds a Prominent Place in the Copular Calendar.

In Europe New Year's day holds a prominent place in the popular calendar. For many centuries past it has been the want to make this gladness go out to some custom of northern nations to watch the a plum crisp an' me can't git to de oven | Christmas eve finally comes. The whole one who is in grief. These are the days going out of the old year and the coming 'dout trompin on somebody's corns. Da's neighborhood is agog. In the course of when you must needs give of your good in of the new with demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. It is a rare case that an English family fails to sit up on the last night of the old year with a few intimate friends, awaiting the stroke of the midnight hour. The day is observed by a few visits among nearest relatives and intimate friends, but most particularly by festive family gatherings in the evenings. The custom of making presents on New Year's day has become almost obsolete in England. That is now almost entirely confined to Christmas day. The observance of New Year's day as a holiday fell almost into oblivion, with the exception of the few simple remembrances mentioned above. In business life the day is observed as a legal holiday-"bank holiday," as they call it-but even that is confined almost exclusively to large wholesale houses. The retail trade is carried on as briskly as on every other day of the

The first day of the year is observed in France in a very different way, particularly in Paris, where to this day the custom of giving presents is kept up with surprising vigor. The streets of the beautiful capital present a very lively and picturesque appearance. Innumerable carriages, from the humble one horse cab to the elegant landau, with liveried servants, drawn by fiery steeds, crowd every thoroughfare. They are filled with well-dressed men and loaded with fragrant flowers. Large social gatherings, balls and receptions, public and private, bring the auspicious day to a festive conclusion.

In Germany calls are made among relatives and intimate friends only, except that in the ponderous bureaucratic system of Germany every Government officer is expected to call on somebody above him in rank. Presents are not exchanged on New Year's day-that is exclusively confined to Christmas day.

As Rome gave the name to the first month in the calendar year, so Rome also gave the custom of making presents on the first day of the year. A very innocent little pastime it was in the beginning, but in these days of modern ideas it has ex-panded and is expanding until now the most valuable and elaborate gifts are used as an exchange of friendly sentiment.

Mistletoe and Christmas.

The connection of mistletoe with Christmas is a very curious one, and far from being a general one. Literature is, perhaps, mainly responsible for it, in that allusions to a custom-in a great degree purely local-have made a large number of persons interested in the plant. It, moreover, seems that the custom of using it in Christmas decorations depends on two considerations-first, its evergreen habit; and second, the veneration in which it was held by the Druids. The reasons mentioned have no doubt

done much to secure for the mistletoe the place which in recent times it has held in Christmas festivities, but it is not so universally honored at Yuletide as the holly. You may have a very merry Christmas. without any mistletoe at all, but to the majority of the people a Christmas without a sprig or two of holly would scarcely seem to be Christmas at all.

Disappointment.



She-I hear you get a little brother for New Year's present. Ain't yer glad? He-Naw!

She-Did yer want a sister? He-Naw. I didn't want no brudder

nor no sister neider. I wanted a fightin' dorg an' a pair o' skates!-Life.

An Aid to Merriment. "My dear," said Mr. Darley to his wife, I have decided to have a merry Christmas this year."

"I am very glad to hear that, love." "With that purpose in view," Mr. Darley went on, "I have decided not to gotroduced the custom of giving Christmas | with you at all while you are doing your Christmas shopping."

pass in the distance, noiselessly, silhouet- the cross-beams. Three or four wagons would have given her Son to die that all ted against the sky like toy vehicles, have been stripped of their spring seats to might live. She gave to all the world her

trousers, white satin ties, boiled shirts, Surely the Christmastide is the feast of

away. The girls at the house wait for and peace and good will reign all over the

Lord of Misrule.

that the court was kept properly amused

wealthy nobleman who was willing

spend money lavishly in promoting the

gaicties of the court. It is of record that

during the reign of Elizabeth, Essex, as

"Lord of Misrule," spent in one Christ-

mas season £3,000 of his own money on

His Sad Fat .

"Kind sir," said the beggar, "will you

Thereupon Hojack gave the man a dol

A Feast in Prospect.

Wiggles-How are you fixed for Chris'-

Waggles-Right in clover. I made a

play dat I was de champion all-round eat-

er in de northwes' and dey's got up a

She-I wish Christmas really was a sea-

son of general peace and good will. He-

Well, it might be if somebody hadn't in-

aid me? Once I was worth \$50,000, and

"What ruined you?" asked Heizek.

"Buying Christmas presents, sir."

ar, for he knew how it was himself.

the court games.

mas?

match fur me.

presents .- Puck.

now I am penniless, sir,"

Down to the reign of Henry VIII., and

country sun lights up myriads of frost and up comes a sled with a dozen young en, thank God, that the happiness of the diamonds hung on the sparse spears of folks bound for the party. The sled is a Christmastide specially comes, And womyellow grass. Along the roads wagons long one, with a wagon box mounted on en are generous, else one of them never equip the sleigh. The bed of the box is only Son-the gift that meant eternal Inside the farmhouse everything is in filled with hay, which keeps everybody's life." bustling confusion. The blinds of the feet warm. Away the sled whirls, taking spare room have been drawn up to let in a short cut across the bottoms, running a flood of bright winter sunshine. Dis- counter to rocks and logs under the snow, trict school has closed for the holidays. and almost spilling the whole party out. occasionally since, a "Lord of Misrule" The children are in the kitchen stoning Out in the open road another sleigh turns was appointed to direct the amusements raisins, helping pare apples, slyly steal- in at the crossing ahead. This is the sig- of the English court during the holidays

dem pigs' feet in de ashes need scrapin' the afternoon the girls in the various things, and among all your possessions

dese two houghs! Git out o' heah! Ef homes lay out every bit of finery to be there is nothing so good as a belief in

yo' des tek yosefs off, soon's I get er min- worn to the party. The boys are not for- God and a hope for the future. That was

nit's peace, I mek yo' fawty 'leven fingah gotten by their sisters. Their coats and what the little Child came to tell about.

As this is what the boys have all been are all put out on the bed in easy reach. all others that appeals to women, and as

waiting to hear they troop out instantly, Aunt Maria shines the shoes until you can the story is told again and again by the

making a mental memorandum of "neck- see yourself on their polished surfaces, bells as they ring, by the carols as they

erchers" and bandana "head han'ker- The boys, in a home-made sleigh, are off are sung, by the preacher from the pulpit,

chers" which Aunt Maria wants for for the girls, sometimes five or six miles | we know that 'Unto us a Child was born.'

By 5 o'clock the next morning, while the their beaux, who come likewise from the land. Let peace and good will be in your

stars are still shining, the wagons rattle neighboring houses or from the little heart, and from you they will go and

off to the fields. The jolly face of the towns near by. "Zip, sip, ha, ha, hurrah," spread all over the land. It is to the wom-

sage as it is ground out from the sausage give a bound that brings the two wagon the games, directed the sports, and saw boxes abreast of each other. "Weevilly Wheat," and all the other rol-

ing cake dough, and watching the sau- nal for a race. The horses know it, and He presided over the festivities, prepared

Tom dismounts by putting his arms licking games. Uncle Ben begins to "tune

BRING NG HOME THE TREE.

